

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

By Samuel W. Bean



This poem was inspired and
dedicated to my teacher and friend,
MISS MARY WHITE EASTMAN



AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.





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INTRODUCTORY

AN INSPIRATION

What a fount of inspiration
To each one of human kind,
Is that energetic worker
That is deaf as well as blind!
Ne'er a part in conversation
Is permitted to this one;
Ne'er a sight of Nature's grandeur
As presented in the Sun!

Yet no one in all the Nation
Is more active to conserve;
From his patriotic ardor
Not a moment does he swerve.
Sightless, yet with true ambition,
Every day he does his best,
And surpasses in his doing
What was heretofore the test.

What a lesson in this patience!
His example teaches you
That the willing, tho' in darkness,
Can their part in life well do.
Have you read the pretty verses—
Told in manner quaint and sweet—
How life's burden he will carry,
How he will all issues meet?

Simple words with grand expression,
Pictured in a wondrous way;
Noblest thoughts of man there showing,
In a manner to betray,
That the MIND is what controlleth!
In misfortune he is bright—
Close in touch with scenes of beauty,
Tho,' to him, there is no light!

Rouse thyself and see the glory
That the sightless show to ye—
That the toiling, still ambition
Will uplift humanity!
'Tis the thought that constant ruleth;
'Tis the Law as was designed—
'Tis the love that harmonizeth—
All in one, it is but MIND.

—W. W. COOLEY.



“Light in Darkness”

*This Poem Was Inspired and
Is Dedicated to My Teacher and Friend,
Miss Mary White Eastman*

Crouched in a dark and silent tomb,
Apart, alone, in gloomy grief;
Affliction clouded life and hope—
I knew no solace, no relief.

I saw no light, I heard no sound—
Despair a spectre ever near.
My vitals shrunk, in horror clutched,
And I was bound by chains of fear.

Injustice ruled my mental state;
I suffered wrongs I would not own—
The blight affliction has bestowed
Dragged me down with weight of stone.

I made no move to stem the tide,
But drifted, aimless, weak and sad;
And, sore depressed, I longed for death
And cursed the fate that drove me mad.

Within my world no light of day,
No sound of harmony or peace!
My deadened soul awoke at last,
Inspired by one who brought release!

I sensed her light, her warmth, her love,
Which penetrated through my gloom;
'Twas then my shameful self I saw,
Creating hell to be my doom.

My Angel, with her pure desires,
The best within me stirred to growth;
Her wisdom led me step by step
Through understanding felt by both.

The cup of sorrows she had drained—
Thus deep responded unto deep;
She taught me life was all in thought,
How, daily sowing, we must reap.

My wounds were healed, my grief dispelled
I then found justice in God's plan!
No more affliction's blight I owned—
From false ideas I rose a man!

Resolved to make the best of life;
To mould conditions with strong will,
And not to be the prey of fate,
Succumbing to a fleshy ill.

My eyes within now see the light—
Divinest harmonies I hear;
My hopes and joys are not of earth,
But vibrate in a higher sphere.

My guiding Angel I adore!
Her love and wisdom sacred are!
No fear of darkness can appall—
She is my light, my guiding star!

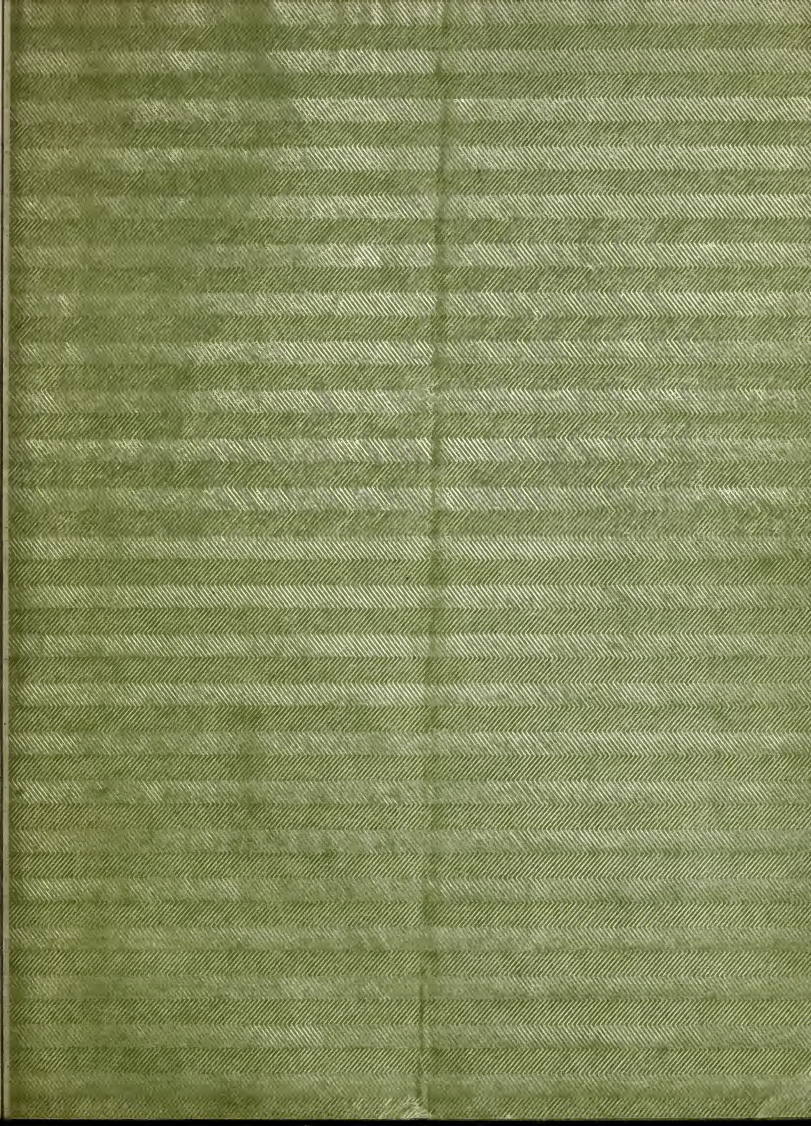
I would be worthy of her love,
Which points the way to Truth divine.
I would to others proffer help
And try to let my light far shine.



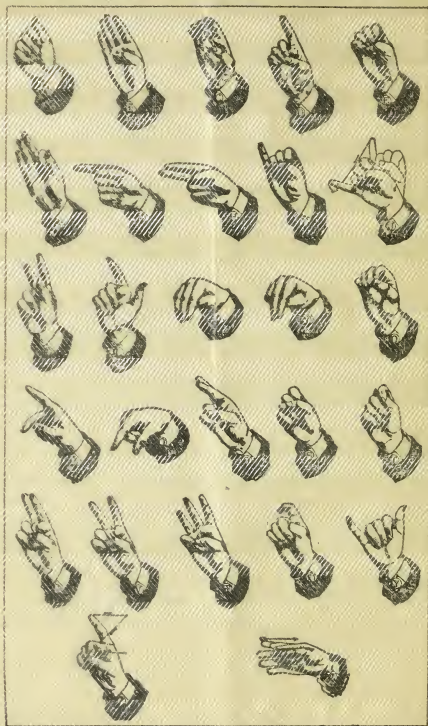
This is the System Used by the Deaf:



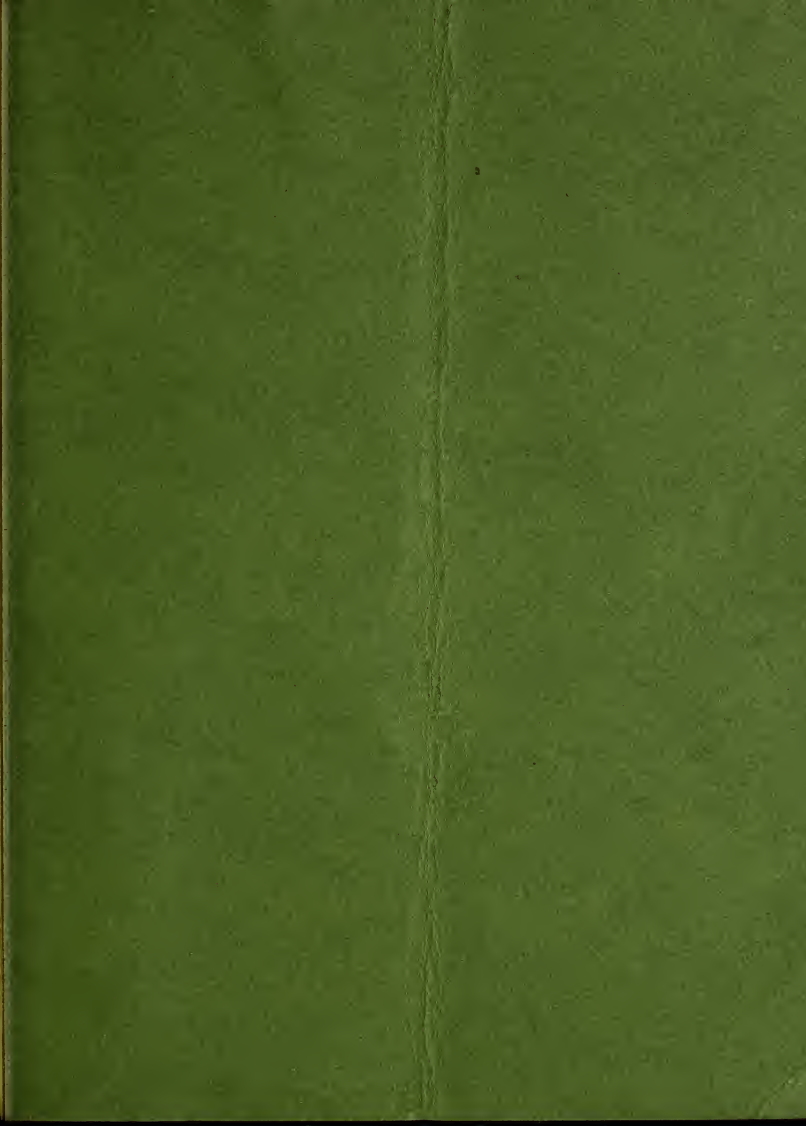
By means of this system I have communicated with the outside world. It is a great pleasure to the deaf to have people talk to them in this way.



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Rotary Printing Company,
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